

EARTH SCENES
...AND...
SPACE LIFE

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EARTH SCENES

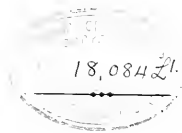
— AND —

SPACE LIFE.

POEMS WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY

A. MAYNARD LYON.



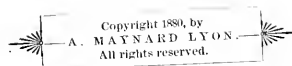
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ILLUSTRATIONS.

All Original. Designed expressly for this Volume.

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PROEM.

*Retire, O Man ! review thy history !
Then come thou forth and the great present view—
Then view the ages past—their silence feel,
Then of th' uncertain future think and muse
Till thou therein canst see a something new.*

*O, seek for thoughts that inspiration lend ;
For thoughts that one can think an hundred times.
Ah ! thoughts that lift Man to celestial climes,
And make his face to shine with love and grace
Midst Heaven's great hosts—those hosts that dwell in space,
And work for God—that God who holds all sway.
O, see the spirit land, and God, and saints ;
And faithful Man awaiting happiness—
Then be content and wait salvation's day.*

MAN AND HISTORY IMAGED.

At first God made the Universe.—The Sun
And Moon and Stars appeared in heaven ; the Earth
He decked ; then life He made in numberless forms,
Including Man's unfathomable Soul. Then Man
From dust he made. That soul and clay unite.
Man breathes and speaks and moves ;—with God communes ;
With joy, then views his paradisial home.

But soon he 's lonesome, lonely ; though by God's
Free gift, the world is his. God opes Adam's side,
And takes a rib, of which he woman forms.
And hence this wondrous twain are one—one bone,
One flesh.

All kinds in earth and sea their kinds
Shall bear.

God then freed man to use all things
Save one, but sternly that forbade. Yet this
He took and ate—then hid. Sin, Hate, and Shame
Then hid—still hide.

All creatures fell, and things
Themselves. Blight came, fell on them all. Man's heart
Grew sad ; ached then, aches now. Sun, Moon, and Stars
Wept sombre light : Heaven wept, Earth quaked, and soon

Gloomed Silence reigned. Yet man recovered, rose,
 And saw the wreck ; but soon was soothed, forgot
 His loss and fall : engaged in work ; for work
 He must, or perish—die.

For simple food
 And clothes worked he for his lone spouse. Vile blood
 Grew in all things. Its marks then showed—still show.
 Adam oft-times with offspring joined in song,
 In labor, worship, rest, and nuptial vows—
 Sweet vows. Birds oft flew near, perched on the boughs,
 Both high and low, sang spousals, chose their mates,
 And flew away. Man's race, from then till now,
 Have pledged in marriage troth, and spousals sung—
 They've toiled ; they've made things stately, grand and good.
 Their wondrous works, both new and old, are seen
 All round.

Th' unending mind views childhood days,
 Meridian days, and darksome days ; common
 And written laws, and its own history.
 It backward delves to the beginning.
 It views all works :—those in continuance,
 And those in dust ; Man's efforts, hopes, and woes ;
 His triumphs, pride, and joy ; His death, and tomb ;
 And the soul's flight to God, its source ; ripened
 In sin for woe ; else in good works for joy.
 With might and rectitude work, then, O man !
 That thou may'st have vast realms in happiness.

Lo, now all mortal things approach their end !
 Eternal day is breaking ; sweet day, sweet !
 O golden bells, ring loud, ring fast ! O fill

The world with heavenly cadences ! Wake ! Call
The saints to bliss immortal ! Wake, Love, Wake !
O Bride ! arise and deck thyself in white ;
For God cometh in his great chariot
Of burnished gold, alighting up the heavens,
Midst diamond suns that lighten ;—flash more than
The Orient beams that wake the day, to take
Thyself, Beloved of Heaven ! in Spousals
To His triumphal home, among the angels.

Anon, and God is seen among His saints !
The elements weep loud in ecstasies :
In chariots of fire, and on heaven's steeds,
The universal Loves descend to earth—
In God-like raptures sing sweet spousals,
To gladden Man, and fill him with Heaven's love
And joyousness—for woes and griefs are ended !
And God lifts up his Saints, to wear love-laurels,
And in them dwell with him forever.



ETERNITY.

Lo, in man's fall, hills, vales and plains are grieved!
Numberless birds fly from the direful scene—
Sing plaints before the sun.

In grief he hears
 Their mournful lays, then pales his light, since Man,
 God's noblest work, and the whole world, should die !
 Then backward looks, in his eternal rounds,
 And views all things with joy ; now forward looks
 In his unending course, midst tears and joy,
 Because that sin with good must now abound,
 And man in joy and grief must alternate—
 Grow old and die.

The infinite past and future
 Resemble circles, and contain all things !
 The Future 's like the Past ; e'en one they are,
 And that great one 's th' eternal Now ! In heaven
 Now 's alway ; alway is now ! Hence man when there
 Shall see all things, shall be like God, and " see
 Him as he is ! " All of his works he then
 Must see ; else he 'll not " see him as he is ! "
 This sight makes heaven—is heaven ! Makes man like God,
 And, joined with love, 't will charm the soul forever.
 God's likeness this confers perpetually !
 All things will then be man's, and man himself
 A part of God. That oneness will be one
 For aye : a wondrous mystery 's this !

But time
 Rolls on, and great minds grow—strange truths to grasp,
 And tell to marvelous man. Light hastes the time
 When man shall see high Heaven and God, and thus
 Have joy in full ; Heaven's God and Heaven embrace
 All space ; and man shall know them—in them dwell,
 Beyond the tomb, in their immeasurableness !

ETERNITY.

So man resembles God ; but God in His
Creation is both God and man united !
God's infinite light from man now 's hid, and yet
His grace and love are felt. These shadow light—
That Light which makes all true souls great and wise.



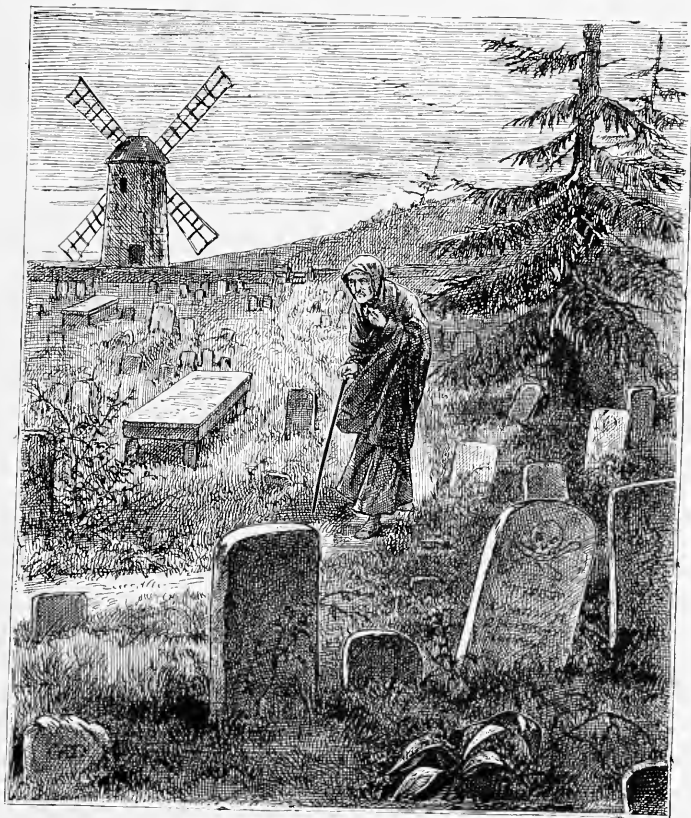
ANIMA SEMPERJUVENIS.

My body 's old, my days are sliding off,
My eyes are dim and partly closed ; and in
This lone, this downward dark mysterious path

In which I faster, faster, journey on,
Unnumbered brothers have I in the train !
Aspiringly they walk before, behind,
And by my side ! Yet not a living soul
Can give me aid or sympathy when I
The mystic river cross ! Alone and lonely I
Must blindly go, unless inviting lights
Appear beyond, or Heavenly messengers
Approach, and tell me of the better land,
A land where I eternally can dwell,
And show some worthy treasures of my zeal !

Each must this journey go, though fearfully,
Regretting all his wicked thoughts and deeds,
And yearning for some more repenting time,
That better hope for future life may come.
Among the brave the strong and hopeful youth
I ever see decaying, dying men ;
Their works and ways, both good and bad, I view.
Some of their oldest works are tumbling down ;
Some wholly hug the ground ; some are but dust.
Which dust hath wedded other sleeping dust.

The forests broad, and other natural growth
Of nature's power, I likewise view. These all
In turn shall die !



The dead of every age
Rest on, and in the ground. The tottering, lame,
And old, make lonesome shadows here and there ;

Such shadows older, smaller, fainter grow—
In time they wholly fade away ; for their
Creators droop, languish, decay, fall down,
And waste ; when lo ! their forms are wholly gone.
Like other dust they form a part of earth.
But Nature's boundless spirit grows not old ;
And hence their cast-off dust it gives to form
Some junior animals and plants. These then,
Shall grow and bloom, make glad their kin and friends ;
Good things enjoy, and ghostly shadows see :
Then take their last sad lot, with myriads
Of all the ages past, in shrouded death.

Yet though man's body 's old, and weak, and dim
His eyes, and partly closed ; his soul that speaks
Infallibly, but gently, in the heart—
Oft struggling there to guide his ways aright—
And sees and feels, believes and hopes so much,—
Shall never die, but bud perpetually,
And bloom resplendently. How can the soul
Grow old and yet not fade ! at three score 'tis
As youthful as at ten. All fading things
In time shall die, decay ; but that which yearns
For life must live. Else why should faith and hope
So fill the soul ? Or nature's spirit ever do
Her perfect work, or man so work and strive
To shed immortal fame ?

Spirit divine !
Forgive man's unbelief ; and by thy light
And love draw him to Thee, that he high heaven
And God may see ; repent, believe, and cleave

To Him ! Thou God, thy grace and love on man,
In this brief life bestow !

Some souls are as
The morning of creation ; and they fly
From globe to globe, and to vast starry worlds,
All natural wonders to explore, and love,
As though they had an universal home.
But when through death's dark door great souls arise
In perfect life, unnumbered works they'll do.
As semblances and shadows are all these
Of the incomprehensible Universe.
Man's soul now 's lifted up, and fillèd with
Amazing sights and thoughts of vastest works ;
As though he yet were in the bloom of youth ;
Nay, only dreamed of pressing on his way,
Toward deeper, grander, sterner works of life,
That hold, absorb, and grow the greatest souls
For greatest deeds—which deeds are theirs to do.

How good it is that man doth sometimes feel
His youthful heart begin to beat again,
With all its growing hopes and zeal and love ;—
To run and babble like a mountain brook.
For then he feels those sweet and charming things
That captivate and chain the yearning mind,
And more and more unfold his soul, and fill
It with a power to do the noblest deeds.
Deeds good and noble ever follow him,—
Riches they give which satisfy the soul :
And will, though the great universe should fail.

O childhood thoughts ! Ye fill the heart and soul ;

But when kind nature's richest scenes engage
A childlike heart, that heart they melt with love ;
Such heart then hath no power to do bad deeds,
But doth as truly serve a faithful God
As lifeless things do natural laws obey.

But to the choicest youth how great this world appears,
And how majestically it rolleth on.
How anxiously he waits till he his own
Broad fields can sow ;—



For fain he'd reap, and satisfy



His soul with good ;

Else by his aptitude
So teach mankind, that bright new light
Should fill the land, and make it eminent.



A thoughtful child doth sometimes lift his eyes,
And his great heart, up to the high blue sky,
And muse, and think he sees his picture there,

And Heaven's pictures and happiness complete—
Eternal happiness for which he hopes !
What ! Is he imaged in high heaven already ?
Strange thought is that, stranger the fact, but strange
As 'tis his shining picture's there ! and he
By Heaven's great hosts is known—is loved ; else strange
It is that God himself abides with man.
In Heaven a righteous man his semblance sees,
E'en while on earth he lives as other men.
When there his heart and soul are centralized ;
Entrancèd then, his soul with joy o'erflows.
This joy so opes the mind t' immensity,
As to enlarge his every thought ; vast strength
To give to it, and action buoyant,
Though grief at times reigns in each dying thing.

The world : how great and bright and good it is !
Inspiring things : Oh how they're scattered round ;
And how their marvels ope and thrill my soul !
Thoughts permeate my substance, give it joy—
Exhalted joy, and inexpressible,
E'en from the heart quite to the finger ends.
And yet the soul immortal is all one has ;
The rest is of the earth ; 'tis only clay.

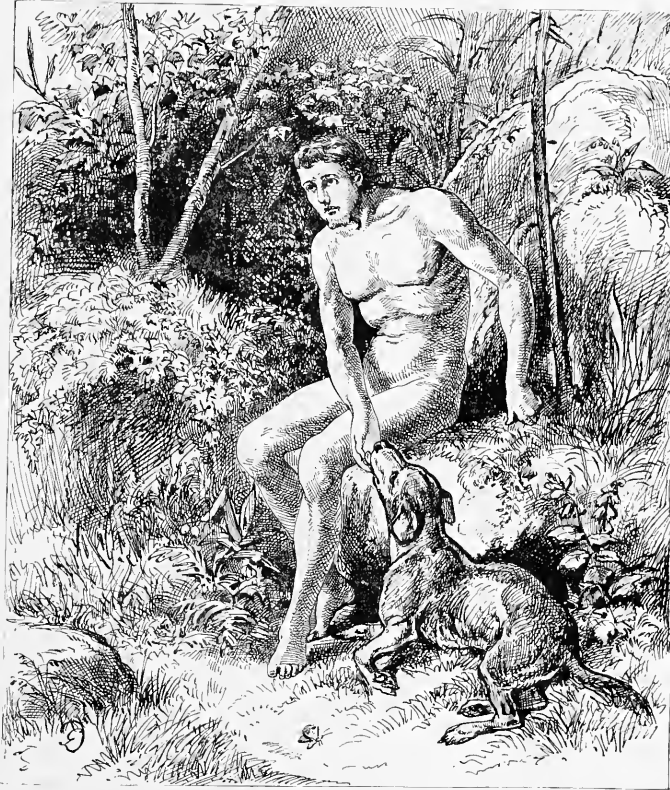
Some souls in time have marvelous power to see
Prophetic things, as well as wonders past.
Sublimely pregnant is the rolling time
With changing things, and things that never change.
What are the things that change, and fall from view,
But earth-born ones, conceived and reared to serve
Their day upon the stage of life—and die !

On every hand their countless hosts survey ;
Their pride, their graces, and their wonders view,
Till age doth show their failing, dying power ;
Then by them judge of every mortal thing.

Man, mourn not for thy frail and changing clay,
For thou'st much more than clay to nurture and adorn,—
Thy gem 's a soul that cannot droop and die.
All good souls brighter grow ; they give
Effulgent and expanding lights, and leave
Their blazes pure in all their wakes. Such lights
No mortal eye can see ; yet they are felt,
They aid to make men's earthly homes all sweet
And joyous, and right fit abodes for heaven's
Ministering spirits, sent to such as shall
Be heirs of light, to teach and hold them up,
And finally conduct them to the sky,
Where works immortal and innumerable
So beautify, exalt, and dignify
The scene, that Diety, who reigns o'er all,
Is in them truly known. And when to Him
His hosts lift up their eyes, they're lost in love,
Adoring acts, and in seraphic lays.

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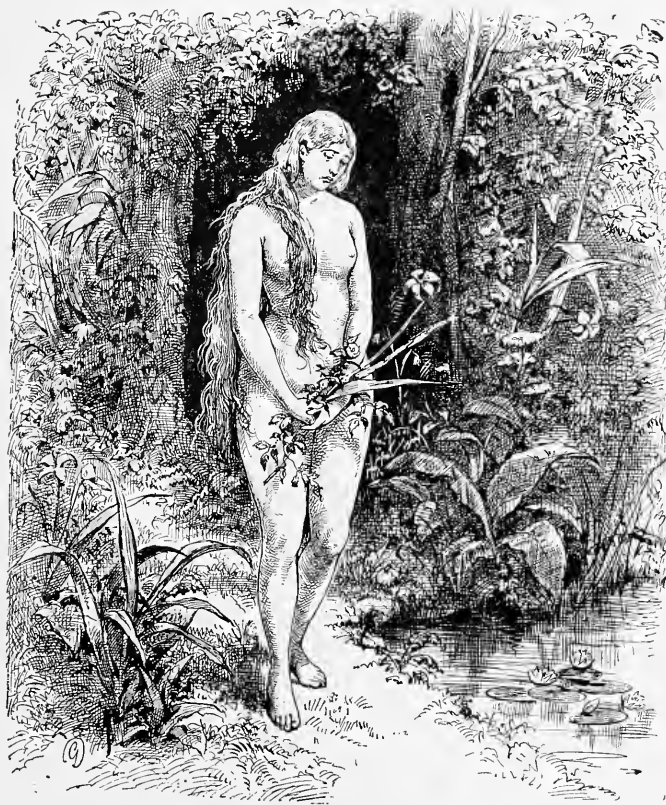
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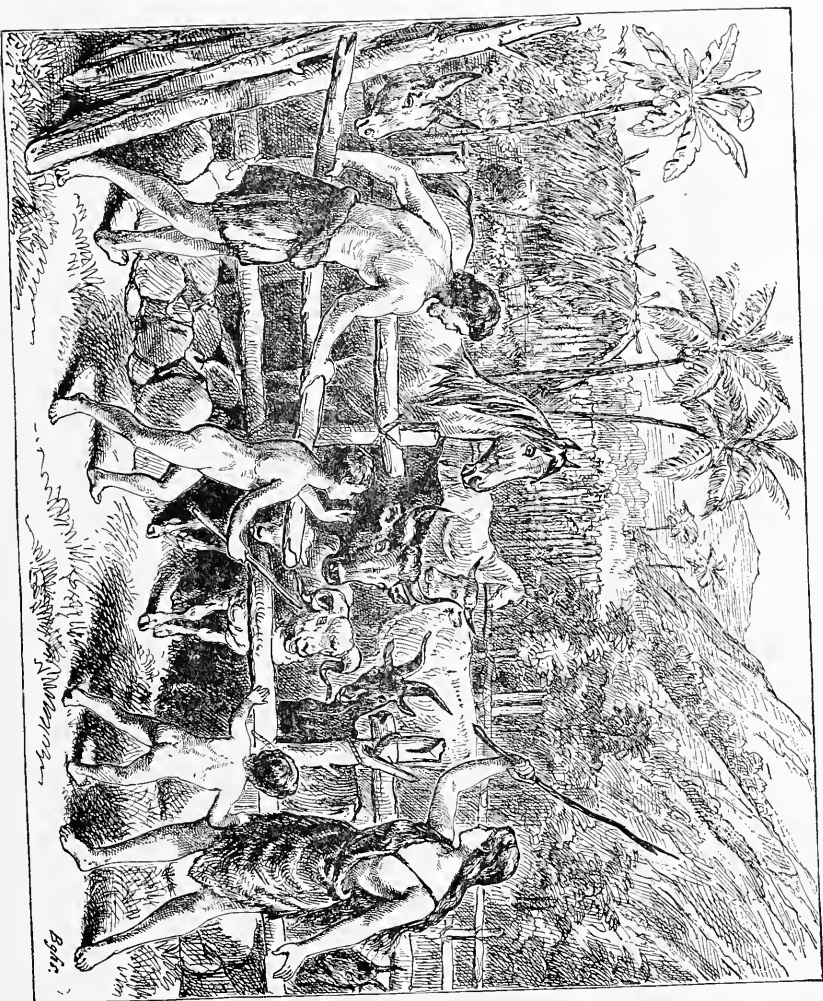
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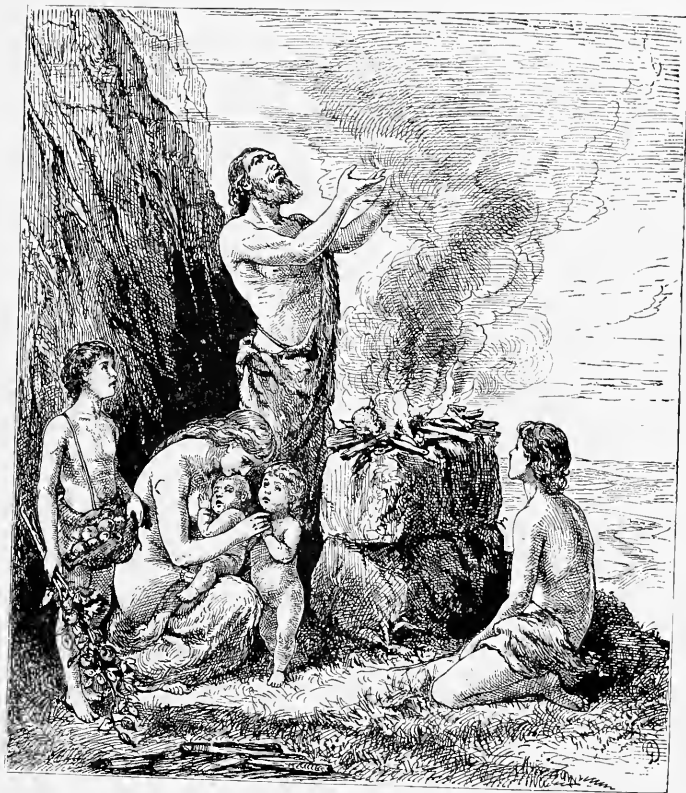
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And clothes worked he for his lone spouse. Vile blood
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Adam oftentimes with offspring joined in song,

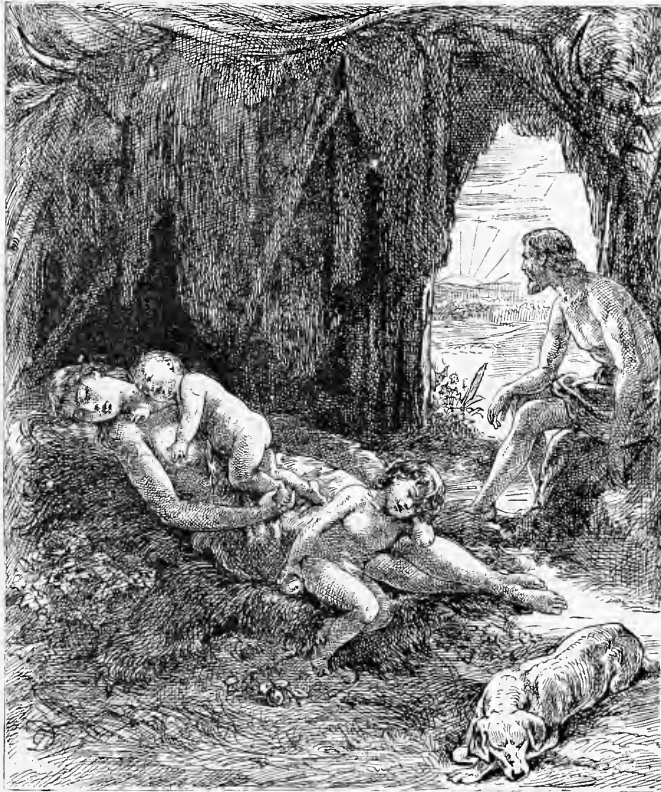


In labor,



Worship,

1000, 1000



Rest,



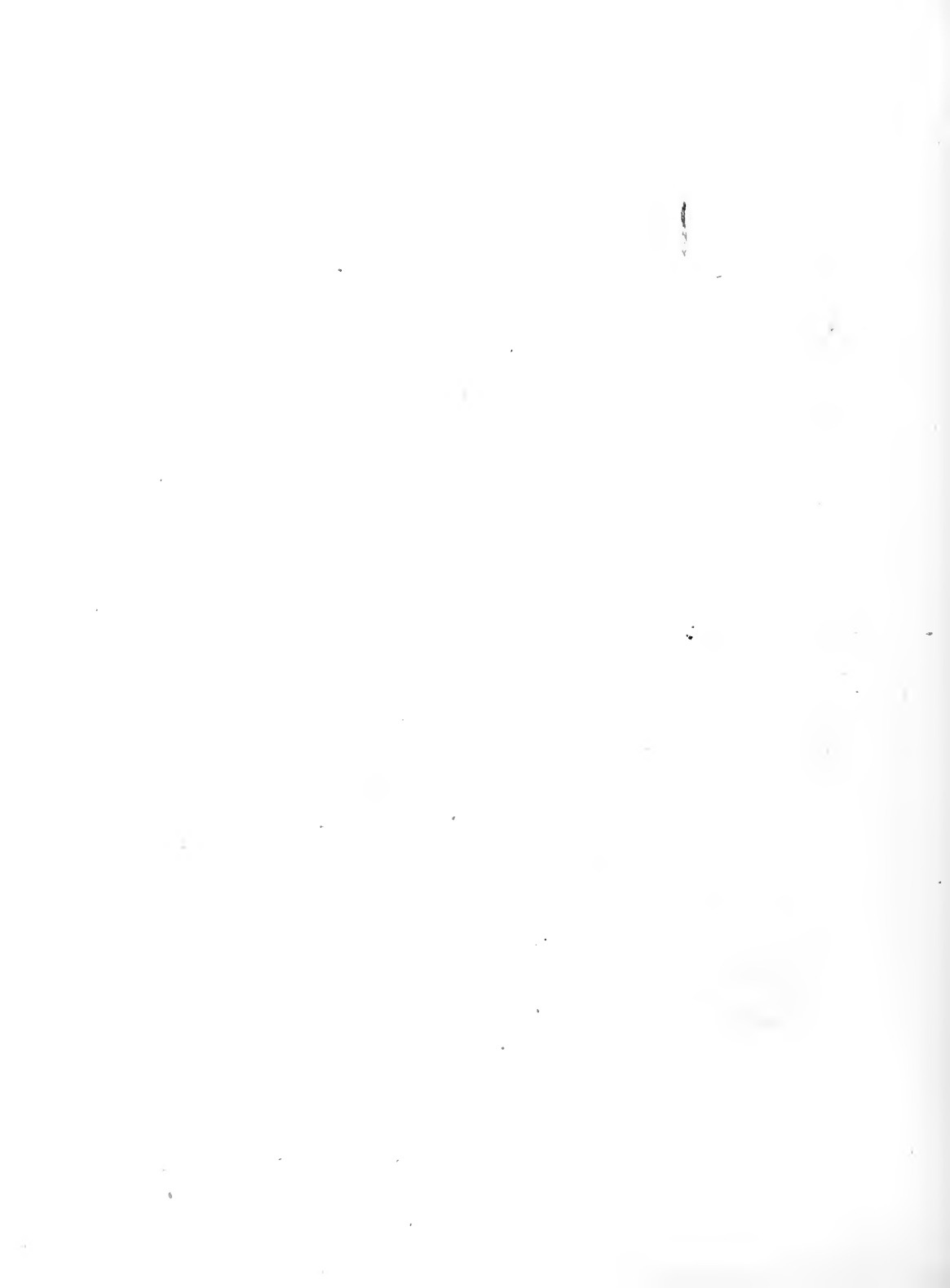
And nuptial vows—

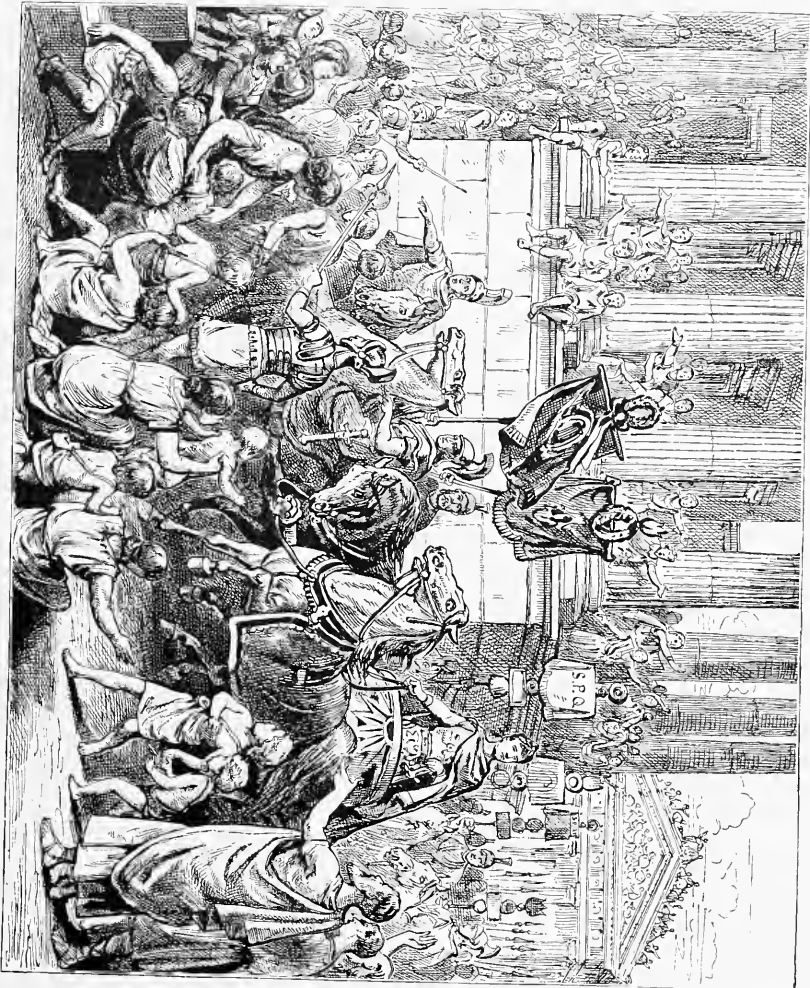
Sweet vows. Birds oft flew near, perched on the boughs,
Both high and low, sang spousals, chose their mates,
And flew away. Man's race, from then till now,
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And written laws, and its own history.
It backward delves to the beginning.
It views all works :—those in continuance,
And those in dust ; Man's efforts, hopes, and woes ;



His triumphs,





Pride,



And joy;



His death,



And tomb;

And the soul's flight to God, its source ; ripened
In sin for woe ; else in good works for joy.
With might and rectitude work, then, O man !
That thou may'st have vast realms in happiness.

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